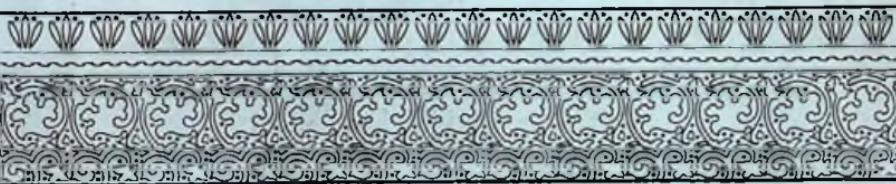


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Mansfield, Ohio.

1899.



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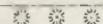
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The High School Quarterly.

No. 1.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, NOVEMBER 1899.

Vol. I.

THE CONTRASTS OF TRAVEL.

By SUPT. E. D. LYON.

Nothing certainly gives one an idea of the extent of our country like a journey to the Pacific coast, and he who has thought that the United States would soon be filled up with people, must disabuse himself of this notion when he sees the thousands upon thousands of acres of productive lands which, uncultivated and uninhabited, are to be found in our western states. And not only does one form new ideas of the possibilities of our national growth and development but, at the same time, one feels that he lives in a very rich and prosperous land, even though in his own person he may find little evidence of either wealth or prosperity.

In the compass of a very brief article, it is not possible to select any large number of objects or places which strike as particularly interesting the person seeing them for the first time, hence we shall refer to only a few of the many contrasting scenes that greet the eyes of the traveler in the west.

One of the quaintest towns in our country and one of the least changed by the enterprising American citizen is Santa Fe. Here is to be seen the one-storied house with its rough stone or adobe walls, and with its floor the cool earth. The streets are narrow and crooked and the occasional modern business block and the fine new capital approaching completion, seem strangely out of place. The governor's palace, in which even now the highest officials of the state make their home, is an ancient structure one story high with thick stone walls, roughly plastered over on the outside with a coating of what looks like mud, and enclosing a large and beautiful court. In this old palace it is said Lew Wallace, while governor of the territory, wrote one of his well known novels.

As Santa Fe is an excellent illustration of a town untouched by the spirit of modern enterprise, it is in sharp con-

trast with a much larger city near the Pacific which is fairly throbbing with the abundant lifeblood of a modern American city. Los Angeles, a place as large as our own Columbus, is the growth of a very few years. In a place so far south, one would expect to find, especially in the summer season, a great deal of warm weather, but it is indeed an agreeable disappointment to one to find himself in a place where the mid-day shade is always cool, where the nights invite the soundest slumber and where the weather never deceives. The roses grow over the houses and fill the air with their fragrance and from his own fruit trees a man may pick oranges, lemons, apricots, and figs.

No trip to the coast would be complete without a few days in San Francisco and here, right in July and August, flannels and wraps must be put on, for the penetrating afternoon winds chill one through and through. The most interesting sight in San Francisco, the most striking contrast with American life, and the sight which everyone wants to see more than any other, is Chinatown. This is a city in a city, occupying as it does an area eight squares long by five squares wide, and in this small district live forty-five thousand Chinamen. So right here, in the very heart of an American city, we have the spectacle of the existence of a people living, so far as is possible, in defiance of the land in which they reside, observing in their dress, customs, and worship, the practice of the benighted land from which they came. Chinatown is a foul blot, a disgrace to the city of which it forms a part. The Chinaman is an alien; he comes to America, not to become one of us, but for the purpose of hoarding a little money, which some day he expects to take back with him to his native land. A visit to Chinatown is generally convincing as to the justice of the "Exclusion Act".

THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

A man should never marry until he finds a woman who will have him.

"I've been in love with lots of girls;
A bachelor's life I hate;
I've all the time that I could want
To find and win a mate;
I've never come in contact with
A brick-objecting pa,
Or been deterred by brothers small
Or loudly calling na;
I've never found it hard to choose
With whom I would be mated;
Oh, no, 'tis quite another cause—
I'm not appreciated;
I've popped the question o'er and o'er,
But, if you will believe me,
There wasn't one of all of them
That I could get to have me".

The safest rule for a woman to follow is not to marry until she has a chance.

"My lover didn't die,
And he never went away;
My father didn't stand
A moment in my way;
I've never quarreled once,
Nor been bothered to decide,
But I've got a first-class reason
Why I've never been a bride;
At any kind of mission
I wouldn't even glance;
The simple truth is this—
I've never had a chance".

D. C. MECK.

I shall leave the humorous aspect of this symposium to others. True to the "ruling passion" I'll moralize.

What is a marriageable age?

1. When the parties to the contract have some sense of the sanctity of the marriage relation. Marriage is a divinely ordered institution for the happiness and well-being of society. It is more than a civil compact, although sanctioned and safe-guarded by the state. None should enter this relation whose age permits them to look upon it as an opportunity for mere romancing.

2. A marriageable age forbids viewing it as a shrewd commercial transaction. Such marriages may, to the eye of sense run smoothly. Nevertheless they are not "heaven made matches".

3. The marriageable age presupposes that the man has good prospects of fulfilling his pledge to support the wife, and the woman has clean and honest purpose to aid the husband.

The man who marries regardless of

this purpose is untrue in advance and an enemy to society, and the woman is early gathering to herself an endless amount of trouble. The income need not be large to insure a happy home where two hearts "beat as one". Energy, industry, sobriety, frugality on the part of the husband will guarantee sufficient income for one American home, if the wife be a true help-meet and not merely a "help-eat".

4. A marriageable age is able to weigh the attendant duties and requirements of marriage. It is for "better or worse". It accepts the trials involved as well as the joys. It is to mutually share the hardships of life and to bear patiently with all the conflicting items of training, taste, judgment and temperament. Mutual concessions are imperative. Incompatibility is another word for self-will or a blunted conscience. Marriage must be guarded from scandalizing a decent public.

Young people should "make haste slowly". Let them take leisure for life preparations. Boyhood and girlhood come only once. When this choice is made let it be on the basis of brain and heart quality, that there may be reverence and inspiration in each for the other.

Old people are of a marriageable age always.

An octogenarian was asked, when in years, one was beyond the marriageable age; she answered "It is beyond me. I am waiting at eighty".

D. J. MEESE.

A very limited experience naturally precludes a lengthy dissertation from me upon this subject. However, if I were to offer an opinion, I should say, it is at least a good plan to wait till another is found who has similar matrimonial intentions with yourself. While it might be considered almost a crime to be caught an old bachelor, it is equally as bad form to marry without a chance; or even to marry and repent.

The advice of an philosophic old teacher of my school days, occurs to me and I think the advice more than half good.—Allow me to add, in my own defense, the advice was not elicited by any

actions of mine.—“My boy” he said
“don’t be in a hurry to marry. Wait.
If by waiting you find a good wife, it
has paid you to wait, if not you will
have long enough to live with her any-
how, Wait.” F. A. POWER.

When the Grade Card Comes.

When the grade card comes, the flowers
Oft assume a sober hue,
Then the skies begin to darken,
Making us most mighty blue.
That’s the time when all the fellows
Wish there were some things they knew
When
the
grade
card
comes.

Then, there comes a host of questions,
Questions of no passing whim,
What’ll mother say about it?
Dad’ll think it’s pretty slim
That his kid can’t shine in Virgil
‘Cause he hasn’t got the vim
When
the
grade
card
comes.

How about it when your best girl
Marches up and sweetly says,
“What’s your grade” Oh pray the Fates
To turn her thoughts to other ways!
May Fortune well deliver us
From perils of such awful days
When
the
grade
card
comes.

When you get among the fellows,
Up your head and give the wink,
Chaff the fellows with the standin’,
Like as if the people think
That a grade mark cuts a figure,
Mor’n a scratch in teachers ink
When
the
grade
card
comes.

Then we make hot resolutions
Till their smoke befores the air,
Never thinkin’ how we sported
That for grades we didn’t care,
Finding that we didn’t get them
‘Cause, forsooth, we didn’t dare
When
the
grade
card
comes.

When the grade card comes, a tingling
Starts along a fellows spine;
Makes him kind o’ dream as somewhere
He had heard along the line
That there are no grades in heaven
Or it wouldn’t be so fine
When
the
grade
card
comes.

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In the spring of the year 1775, a number of hardy young men living near the Green Mountains, in what is now the state of Vermont, started upon a secret military expedition. They ran no small risk because they intended to try to seize a fort belonging to their king, George III, of England. If they failed and were captured they would probably be hanged as rebels. But the king's troops had already shot down their countrymen at Concord and at Lexington. Therefore they felt justified in trying to make reprisal.

But when they had armed themselves with such old muskets and fowling pieces as they possessed and had started on their long march through the woods toward Fort Ticonderoga, they were surprised to meet with another expedition from Connecticut and Massachusetts on the same errand. The leaders of the two companies held a council to determine what should be done.

These two leaders were of widely divergent natures and training. The Connecticut man was well educated, a good speaker, a polished gentleman and possessing unusual talents. He had accumulated quite a little fortune in the drug business and in horse dealing. On the contrary, the Vermont man was a backwoodsman, comparatively uneducated, speaking in the rough manner of his class and possessing neither brilliancy nor wealth. The one seemed to have every advantage and the other to lack every prospect.

But those who came in close contact with the two men soon saw that whilst they were equally courageous, the Connecticut man seemed to sneer at many things which the other held sacred. He was extremely vain. He also thought that every man had his price and that this thing we call honor was simply assumed. The other in his rough way held honor above every other possession of man.

It was finally agreed that the two expeditions should join and proceed against the fort. When they had arrived at their destination, it was determined that the Vermonter and his fellows should storm the fort while the others captured some boats lying near at hand. Both enterprises were successful, but the capture of the fort naturally caused the most sensation and secured for its captors the most praise.

The other man was sorely grieved that he should have the less praise and in that feeling his eventual downfall began. He should have been large hearted enough to rejoice in the success of his companion in arms and especially at the success of the American cause.

Time passed on. The handsome Connecticut man rose rapidly in military fame until he became a colonel. He was befriended by Washington. When the American army left Philadelphia he was given civil command of the city and married the daughter of one of her foremost citizens. He shone brilliantly in society. Yet no one failed to mark the mean little traits that showed in his character. Many were disgusted with his boasting, his extravagance and his vanity. Unless he could be foremost in everything he sulked and considered himself ill treated.

Meanwhile the Vermonter had been captured by the British, sent to England, and thrown into prison. He suffered great hardships but constantly resisted the offer of his captors to free him and give him a high rank if he would take up arms in the king's cause and desert his countrymen. His startling strength of character bore him through all snares and tests of endurance.

But temptation of precisely the same kind came to the Connecticut man. When he had obtained high military station, he was offered rank and wealth by the British to betray West Point and he fell. "Every man has his price" was true in his case.

The fate of these two men furnishes the lesson. The man possessing every talent and advantage could not stand the test of endurance, and died, leaving his name as a term of contempt for every American lip. The other possessing nothing but fidelity to his country, died, leaving an example of modest worth and a name sacred to every American heart.

One was Benedict Arnold. The other was Ethan Allen.

EDWIN EARLE SPARKS.
University of Chicago.

Miss Hill poses as an authority on the subject of sarcasm. The other day she said "Anyone who says that he is not sarcastic, is sarcastic". Somebody said, "Miss Hill, are you sarcastic?" No, was the reply. We also understand that she has joined the Prohibition party—at least she wears a white rose.

THE HIGH SCHOOL QUARTERLY.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PAUL MILLER, {
FRED PALMER, {
BOYD CROUCH, { Editors and Managers.

PUBLISHED BY
R. J. KUHL, PRINTER.

This paper marks the first issue of the High School Quarterly. The editors desire to make it a successor worthy of the High School Annual.

* * *

We desire to acknowledge the kindly co-operation of our contributors, by whose kindness we have been greatly aided.

* * *

The courteous treatment and support of the business and professional men of the city have been greatly appreciated by the editors. We feel that we are in obligation to them for the financial success of our paper and we hope the high school may return their favors in the way of patronage.

* * *

For the past several years a high school paper has been published at the close of each school year by the high school pupils. These papers have always been very successful and have been looked forward to and read with much interest by the scholars and outsiders as well. The Annual, however, covered only a small portion of the school year, and as points and topics of interest connected with the school are continually arising, and the high school is larger and better able to support a quarterly paper than ever before, there seems to be no reason why a paper issued three or four times during the school year could not be carried on as successfully, if not more so than the single Annual issues. The benefits of such a paper are surely obvious. It not only creates a high school spirit, and brings the upper and lower classes in closer touch with each other, but also gives the public a view of the workings of the school. In view of these things, it was thought advisable to publish such a paper, and it is the desire of the editors that it will be favorably received.

Foot Ball Notes.

(High School Team.)

The Mansfield high school which has achieved prestige as one of the foremost high schools in the state in track athletics, bids fair to have at the close of the foot ball season of 1899 one of the fastest high school teams in northern Ohio, if not in the state.

With the aid of several former students a team was organized consisting of Lewis Barr, Jay Dirlam, Charles Robinson, James Upson, Ernest Hautzenroeder, Harry Hautzenroeder, Harvey Hall, Roy Colwell, Frank Voegle, Vivian Abernathy, Carl Summerville, Charles Schreidt, Wellington Leonard, Leslie Cook, and John DeCamp. Upon the organization of the team Mr. Samuel McMillen editor of the Shield, a former Wittenberg and Dartmouth college man came forward and kindly consented to coach the team. In a short time under his able instructions team work was secured and on October 14, with but three days practice, the team lined up for the first time against an opposing team, the fast Bucyrus team at Bucyrus and the result was a happy surprise even to the members of the team as they held the Bucyrus team down to a tie game, neither side scoring a single point.

Oct. 21 the Mt. Vernon team which had played several games was the opposing team and the result of the game was that both teams scored a touchdown, but the local team failed to kick goal. Score Mt. Vernon 6 Mansfield 5. The Mt. Vernon team has not been defeated in a single game this season having played some of the leading high school teams of the state and the showing of the local team taking into consideration their lack of training and experience was extremely satisfactory.

The Kenyon Military Academy went down in defeat Oct. 28, on the local grounds by a score of 5 to 0. The Kenyon boys were outplayed at every point in the game and the score would have been much larger had the local team not tried several field goals.

The team played in Marion, Nov. 4, with the Marion high school team and after the Mansfield boys had the best of the game in 18 minutes of play the game came to a conclusion after a disputed decision.

The Marion team played a return

date Nov. 11 at Mansfield, and the local team defeated the Marionites by a score of 5 to 0 in a fast, snappy game. At the close of the first half, the ball was six inches from the Marion goal, and, when time was called at the close of the second half, the ball was two feet from the Marion goal.

The surprise of the season came when the team accompanied by a dozen rooters went to Fostoria, Nov. 18, and played the Fostoria high school team, which has held the championship of northern Ohio for two successive years. It was thought that the game would be a close one, but little did the most optimistic rooter hope to defeat the Fostorians on their own grounds. The game was a fierce one throughout and at its close the Mansfield boys were five points ahead of their rivals, although the Fostoria team claimed a tie. This game demonstrated that the Mansfield high school team was the equal of any high school team in the state, and as the season draws to a close, the team will undoubtedly have the distinction of allowing but one touch down to be made on them during the season.

Quotations.

BY PAUL MILLER.

Those who critise the Quarterly's poetry,—“Spare the rod and spoil the child”.

Stokes Bennet.—I am Cinna the poet!
I am Cinna the poet!

Lucy Stine.—I had rather be first among those fellows than second at Rome.”

Susan Houston.—“Laugh and be fat.”

Homer Sewell.—“Ich bin sehr schon.”

Dirlam.—“The landlord's laugh was really a chorus.”

The Seniors who are getting up a class-pin benefit, “You are taking the wrong sow by the ear.”

Some jokes told in high school. “After an existence of nearly twenty years of innocuous desentude these are brought forth.”

High school pupils prayer at Rhetoricals. “Solid men of Boston, make no long orations.”

A sentiment some people ought to adopt in literature class. “I never never thrust my nose into other men's porridge.”

SENIORS IN HIGH SCHOOL.

Our days began with trouble here,
They have to trouble ran,
With nice fat ciphers always near,
Achieve whate'er we can.

(Adopted from New England Primer.)

Those who were unacquainted with “The Nazarene,” “His studie was but litel on the Bibel.”

BOYS ON ELECTION NIGHT.

Wee Willie Winkle runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs in his night gown;
Tirliu at the windows, crying at the lock,
Are the weans in their beds for it's now 10 o'clock.

The third triumvirate—Misses Cornell, Hill and Hughes.

“A glass is good, a loss is good,
A pipe to smoke in cold weather.
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together.”

IT IS SAID—

That the A class will have a class pin social.

That Comins' favorite color is red.

That Charley Robinson wouldn't make a good actor when Miss Hill isn't in the room.

That Eric Osbun can't get off a joke when he doesn't mean to, or that he learned about corn suckers this summer.

That Miss Housel believes in Palmistry.

That Miss Cornell makes gestures in Virgil recitation.

That Marie Osbun wouldn't like to give all her money to the man who is so happy as to be her husband.

That Miss Hill believes in predestination.

That Mr. Meek wouldn't make a good half-back.

That Mr. Bilestine doesn't like postage stamps.

That Ralph Osbun can't explode hydrogen.

That the “1900” isn't the climax of the century.

IT IS NOT TRUE, BUT THEY SAY—

That Dirlam likes the girls.

That the _____ can play foot ball.

That Mr. Power can tell a joke.

That “Liz” is a short fellow.

That “Penny” Sturges doesn't keep the C's laughing.

That the A girls can't say pretty things about lovers in literature recitation.

That Stokes Bennet never looks in the mirror.

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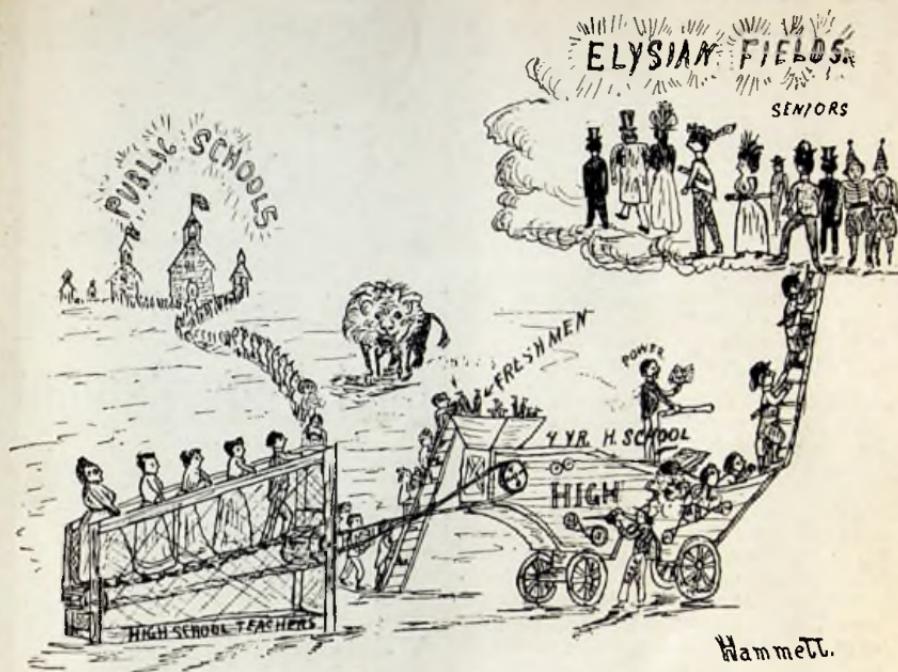
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CLASS NOTES.

1900.

HOW WOULD THEY LOOK?

Harvey Conin in knee trousers.
 Stokes Bennet running.
 Mable Cairns quiet.
 Winona McBride talking.
 Mary Sturges out of order.
 Eugene Arnett with a silk hat.
 Paul Miller dancing.
 Kenneth Dirlam flunking.
 Fred Palmer in a swallow-tail.
 Ralph Osbun with black hair.
 George Jameson in love.
 Elizabeth Ink in a bicycle suit.

Man embraces woman, according to "high" authority.

Many of our class have withdrawn this year, but, we still hope to graduate with forty.

None of our boys have "rag-time hair" yet, but as they have organized a football team, we may expect to see it soon.

Scanning is sometimes put off until class time, but George evidently studies

his beforehand and tries hard to dispose of the "You" and "I".

Ida Hall has worked a miracle in nature, for she prefers candy makers to candy.

LUCY STINE.

1900.

"Forsu et haec olin meminisse juvabit.

According to one member of the Virgil class, the Trojans were certainly a very formidable race, as they rushed around and even shook the mountains in their fury. As another one suggested, they might have been a kind of cave dwellers and would have been good subjects for exhibition at an Elk fair. All of which goes to show that "the evil men do, lives after them".

It is stated that some of the jokes (?) which are sprung on the unsuspecting members of the senior class by a cer-

tain teacher in literature, were given during a minstrel performance in the Ark.; and the one relating to man's embracing sundry other forms of humanity was discovered on the inside of one of the Egyptian pyramids, some centuries since. If the personal memoirs of Noah, from which the jokes evidently are taken, are so interesting, it might be well to place a copy in the school library, and not confine its contents to California tourists. Someone has said that "The best friends are old friends", and possibly the same thing applies to jokes. At least, any old thing in that line seems to go.

If "Willie K.", he of the lace curtain fame, is so extremely bashful as not to be able to endure the searching glances of the Virgil class, possibly it would be well to wear a veil—"a beauteous scarf, veiling an Indian beauty"—and then, when we have the play of Julius Ceasar later in the year, he could play the ghost with good effect. It might be said that the aforesaid gentlemen would have to practice walking on eggs sometime in advance, in order to accustom himself to the gentle step of a nocturnal visitor from the realms of the departed.

The trials of Aeneas were insignificant compared with those of our school librarian, in looking up pilfered books. Next year it is proposed to station several detectives in the library to do away with the trouble. In view of his efficient services, it is intended to purchase a chromo for the present librarian at the expiration of his term of office. Any contributions to the "Miller chromo fund" will be thankfully received.

If some members of the chemistry class don't do less reading up subjects out of class, it is feared that they will hardly survive the school year. So much strain on the eyes is bound to be injurious, and even in class, some of the members seem to have the "failing" sickness. While it is perfectly right to be so devoted to your chemistry as to spend three and four hours on it out of school, yet a scholar must have some recreation, and it is therefore advised that the A chemistry pupils take at least half an hour from their usual chemistry preparation and indulge themselves; and speaking of over-worked scholars, those who have neither chemistry nor Greek are certainly

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imposed upon as regards their school work. It seems that most of them have scarcely any time that they can call their own, so arduous are the tasks assigned them by their respective teachers. It might be well for them to take a little vacation also.

The one recitation of the whole week which seems to be a general favorite, is the last period on Friday mornings. It is noticed that all of the scholars come to this class better prepared than for any other; and this is not strange; with the interesting "Little Red Book" as his text, one cannot but be zealous, and even were the text otherwise, the recitation is conducted so skillfully by the able instructor in charge of the work, as to be a source of interest and pleasure. The "Sparks" of genius are bound to make their appearance in this line of work especially.

While the chemistry class understands everything their instructor tells them, yet some of the members were so unscientific as to think the "carboxid" group ought to be called the "box carb" crowd.

We believe that the genial humorist (?) from Seneca county might find it quite lucrative to seeure an engagement on the Y. M. C. A. course next year, giving readings and selections from Bill Nye, His Own, and other noted humorist's writings. We predict a bright future for this "funny little fellow".

Oh! A scholar's trials are many,
Though the teachers seem to think
That all of us have time to burn;
A sadly missing link.
So when election time comes 'round
In accents, Oh! How sweet!
They give us lessons monstrous,
And "Fifty lines of Greek".
'Tis said that in the olden times
The scholars lived in ease,
At least the word so signifies,
But we would, if you please,
Just have you know that now we see
The meaning's change complete,
With our thirty lines of Latin
And our "Fifty lines of Greek".
While the white man has his burden,
As we're told by Britain's bard,
And, as it seems to most of us
To bear it, is quite hard.
Compared with those of school life—
We practice no deceit—
Why it simply "isn't in it"
With our "Fifty lines of Greek".
Oh! Sometimes we will dwell, perhaps
In regions of the blessed,
Where we will find no high school
To disturb our sense of rest.
And there, wrapped in peace serene,
This ne'er our ears will greet:
Your lesson for tomorrow
Will be "Fifty lines of Greek".

H. KENNETH DIRLAM.

1901.

("One might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," therefore we are going to write even the bad things, and perhaps no one will say that we are worse than we look.)

The Seniors "love to study"—as they study love.

When Harry Sewell begins to scratch his head, we sit prepared to hear great "thunks."

Poor Anna Miller needs sympathy—one day in Geometry class, all the boys talked to her at once.

Few hair-cuts have been needed in our class since James, Robert, Louis and "Ray" joined the football team.

One of the girls in the English section is quite sure Mr. Meck will let her pass in Geometry, because she "studies so hard."

"The Gods sent down ten measures of talk from heaven; the women took nine." Faye Wolfe daily proves the truth of this oracular statement, but then, "It's always Faye."

One of the boys who had been beset by all the girls asking for his knife came one day with one as dangerous looking as a Spanish machete. Was it at all suggestive, we wonder?

Three little maids at school one day
Were tardy as tardy could be;
For a great freight train had stood in the way,
Which was very vexatious, you see.

It is well to let all the boys of our and other classes know that Miss Hill thinks that "boys do not receive enough encouragement and attention." Please apply to her when you feel neglected.

James was in great distress while we had eighty minutes recitation in Physics. Alvin also grieved mightily. They seem to go on the principle that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

We think that the class will shake in their shoes when they learn that Miss Hill kindly says that, if we are not brilliant by next year, she will "torture" us until we are. But as Miss Hughes says we are a class of Fits and Starts, we may live in the hope that the Start will occur before that fatal time.

We suppose that no class of Mr. Meck's, but ours, has ever had experience in market days, when the "eggs" in the grade cards are plentiful. Some

may say that they had "few and far between". That is true, no doubt, but with nothing between. Even if Miss Cornell does not think us the most startling class in Latin, nevertheless Miss Ruess says we do good work in German.

Many classes have mottoes, we have none, yet we have what is continually before us, that most worthy and highly esteemed Senior class. We realize what our high school would be without them, and we humbly thank them for honoring us so long with their presence. We acknowledge that they are of course not as peculiar a class as we are, yet as the ugly duckling turned out a swan, we may yet gain as fair a reputation as they. **MAY CARLTON.**

1901.

Mary and Sarah can't well (Cantwell) be told apart.

It is said that Harry Sewell's favorite room is always the Garrett; strange, isn't it.

When the class of "1901" entered the high school it numbered 106, it now numbers 37.

While at the high school, do not fail to visit the "German Village", it is second in interest only to Miss Hughes' kindergarten.

The girls of the B class would extend a vote of thanks to Messrs. Dirlam and Porch, if they would give them some instructions in the art of hair curling.

The following speaks for itself:

Once there was a boy named Earl,
Who, when very young, had a curl.
His years, they grew later,
And his curl it grew straighter,
And he looked less like a girl.

Now Earl is always a man,
He does whatever he can
For his teacher's pleasure;
Does good without measure;
From whose grades he never ran.

—M. L. M. R.

Author of School Girl's Burden, etc.

ALVIN BELL.

1902.

Our "Ten Thousand Immortals" are ten without the thousand.

Charlotte Weil prefers sitting on the floor to a comfortable seat.

One scholar, at least, in C Latin 2, thinks that the reason Hephaestus was

dishonest was because he was a "for-
ger."

Miss Cornell has given Penny a new name i. e., "A Public Nuisance."

The C class cannot agree how to work the example $-\frac{1}{2}$ (V14xV10) 2.

Why can't "Penny" translate his Latin, if "he has nothing else to do?"

Miss Hill has at last been gratified by hearing what Miss Vida's voice sounds like.

Goose eggs are cheap in literature. Everybody is laying in his winter's supply.

We wonder whether Gertrude Robinson still thinks that Nebuchadnezzar had the "hydrophobia."

Philip Wolfe traces his words in literature back almost as far as Hayne did his political ancestry.

Don't try to get out of the street car track when riding on a hay wagon, or you will have a tire taken off.

If Charles Twitchell ever wants a recommendation as a driver, he can easily obtain it from any member of C Latin 1, for they will all remember Halloween.

One day in Literature recitation the question was asked, "How are amendments made to the Constitution?" One very brilliant boy replied, "They are put on at the end."

"Ram it in, slam it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Latin, Etymology,
History, Astronomy,
Greek and Trigonometry.
Bang it in, cram it in,
Still their heads are hollow."

HELEN FELGER.

1902.

LATIN.

Floyd Wox is certainly original.

C Latin 2 must be lost; we never hear anything of them.

The C class has lost several members since school began.

Harriet Lauer is an honest and straightforward politician.

Philip Wolfe will no doubt go down in history as a patron of letters.

Miss Hill made the class happy by stating that, if we worked very hard,

we might possibly become as good as the History class two years ago.

The C Latin class has no "cinch" this year; three recitations in the afternoon.

"Brink", the basso of the Tom-cat Quartette, is the latest edition of "Peck's Bad Boy."

The class officers are: Platt, president; McNiece, secretary, and Pifer, treasurer.

The haughty A class eleven will look like seven cents when the Juniors get through with them.

Charles Twitchell recently went out hunting and returned with a bloody cheek. He refused to tell how he got hurt, but it was finally ascertained that he shot at a red-headed woodpecker and he got the worst of it, for the gun had a kick coming. Please don't tell anybody.

THOMAS McNIECE.

1902.

C ENGLISH.

Ask Winona whether she can pronounce "Socrates." She can do it—now.

Carrie G. says she wishes it might be Friday night all the time. How strange.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman"—Bell Heiss.

We wonder if Carrie H. remembers the story of the king who was "shut up in a bird cage".

"Oh no!" Said Miss Bessie, "I shouldn't object to an 'Earl', but Jones is such a common name".

Why is Cleo so fond of the library? We wonder whether it is altogether knowledge she is seeking.

Charles M. says he is not fond of his name and desires that all his friends call him Charlie "Hereafter".

Miss Hughes thinks there are still a few members of our Zoology class who might derive benefit from Webster's dictionary.

The word "homely" carries a new significance to most of the members of our history class after Miss Hill's original remarks of a few days since.

Edna is so "Ernest" lately that we are beginning to wonder whether it would not be "Wise" to af-"Ford" her a

chance of explaining her strange manner.

Anna seems to be afraid of most shades, but there is one "Shade" of which she has not the slightest fear and it is a pretty dark "Shade" too.

WILMER RICKNER.

1903.

LATIN.

Pearl cannot Ford the river alone.

More is (Morris) all that is necessary to satisfy Margaret.

Charles B. waxes enthusiastic on the subject of Coal (Cole.)

We wonder if Atta would not like to have a Merry (Marion) boy in our class.

John B., the Baker, (?) lately informed the Physical Geography class that eggs form an important part in the composition of bread.

Why are Margery and Helen so happy when a poster, bearing the words "Mansfield vs Marion" greets their eyes? There must be some especial attraction in the Marion foot ball team

One bright summer day an aspiring young artist might have been seen seated Grace (fully) on a rail fence, sketching an impossible Blue Jay hovering above a Daisy and Blue Bell. So intent was he upon his masterpiece, that he did not see a High Ram (Hiram) approaching until it was too late, and the ram by the aid of its long brown horns gently (?) lifted him from his perch and precipitated him upon the ground. An Irish farmer, who was at work in a neighboring field, came and offered "to Hail him home in his wagon," but totally ignoring Pat, who in such a Frank way had offered his service, he picked up his palette and hurriedly departed.

MARY PARSONS.

1903.

D ENGLISH.

Emma Rhymund is on the "Hunt."

Cyrus Ford is fond of a certain kind of "Cherry".

Ask Roy Colwell how he likes Bucyrus at night.

The D Literature class convulsed with laughter one day when on Miss

Hill's inquiry whether Bill Nye was still living, Margaret Stewart replied, "Yes, he is a clerk at Angle's grocery".

"Uneeda Biscuit". That is what somebody thinks of Flora Snyder.

"St. Cecelia" has thoughts that are not very saintly when she thinks of physical geography.

BERTHA KALLMERTON.

1903.

LATIN.

When David Copperfield entered Dr. Strong's school, he looked upon the form of the head boy, as if he were a being from another world. With the same reverence and awe do we Freshmen gaze with humble manner on the upper classmen.

The following on this subject was picked out of the waste-basket:

Who stands on heaven's kissing height
And with awful glance from left to right
Withers the freshman in his sight?
The Senior!

Who stands where youth and manhood meet,
Beside the stream (that kissed the feet
Of poet's maiden) just too sweet?
The Junior!

Who stands with manner all blase,
He has all the wisdom of his day,
And all the knowledge coming his way?
The Sophomore?

Who stands afar with humble mien,
Dares not be heard, dares just be seen,
All others ripe, he only green?
The Freshman!

But Freshman grows to Sophomore
In the great scholastic plan.
And beyond the Junior's, Seniors lore,
He must pass, to find the man.

"Toady" is hunting patiently for the personal endings of amo.

We have lost three scholars already, but also have gained in numbers.

Perl Cupp and Bushnell Heckman laid down the Rule of Three to take up the Rule of one (the yard stick.)

We all wonder if Harvey's sweetness is due to the fact of his being surrounded by sweets during the summer.

Although Howard Mateer belongs to our Latin class, his class spirit is with the B class, especially two of the B girls.

As a horrible ex (eggs) ample of culinary cuteness, John Bissman takes the bakery. Ask anyone in his division for an explanation.

Some of the members of our class

helped in a good work, as they battled to defeat the Seniors in a hard-fought battle on the gridiron.

Our class has just entered high school green and gawkey, although we regard it as the best. It is not yet organized, and the scholars have not that class feeling, the upper classmen have.

The aspirations and hopes of this class are colossal, but the fears and awe and reverence offset these. But if what Prof. Meck says is true, we are the smartest class, he has taught in his five years of service. Although I dislike to disparage him, I have heard that he has told that to every class that has entered high school. If this be true the present generation must be getting brighter and brighter.

BURKE BROWN.

1903.

When Clyde Lippe is candidate for president, we hope to have woman suffrage.

You may tell Beatrice Bridenstine what she asks of you, but do not ask her why she wants to know it.

It is queer that George Islay's lunch box can be recognized before he can, when he is approaching school in the morning.

From appearances we judge that some day we may find George Seybold on the library shelf among the noted historians.

Judging from present facts, the day is not far ahead when Florence Gerlach will be a Latin instructor in one of the noted colleges.

If we take Shakespeare's words, "Brevity is the soul of wit," we are afraid that our friend John Bissman will not live long.

Louis Foster, the foot ball and the bicycle are three great friends. He has not yet decided which he can make travel with the most speed.

In the year of 1902, we will not be surprised to hear that the class song will be written by Louis Brown. She seems to be practicing now.

Some day we will ask Karl Wheeler to furnish everything needed, and drive out some starry night and explain to us the philosophy of the stars.

As an artist, "Deacon" Wintrode displays great skill. We wonder why he visits the library so much, but may be

he is trying to find something about Benjamin West.

Geraldine Stark enjoys physical culture. It is because she there occupies the highest position in high school. If things continue as at present, she will some day occupy one still higher.

CLOYD SNYDER.

Foot Ball.

JUNIOR-SENIOR TEAM.

The present year will go down to history as a foot ball year. One morning several of the senior boys talked about starting a Senior Foot Ball Team. After several days, ten boys consented to take part and risk all knocks pertaining to the game. The juniors were challenged and all interested began to practice. The first game was played Nov. 15, when the juniors proved the best men to the tune of 17 to 5. Their little hearts were lifted up in consequence. Senior dignity, however, was not affected by the crowning of such little fellows.

In the second game, Nov. 25, the Juniors scored a touchdown in the first half, but, mark you, before the half was finished, the seniors were getting the bulge upon the puffed-up juniors. Mr. Marshall, in the midst of the work, received a stiff punch in the region of the heart, but the next day he was all right, as though nothing had happened. The seniors had no substitute for Marshall's place, and, as their opponents were afraid to play with an unequal number of men, the game was declared off. After the game, Marshall's catastrophe conjured up a lot of vetoes from anxious papas and mammas and put an end to the "royal game" for the season of 1900.

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LOUIS WHETZEL,

A STORY OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

BY PAUL MILLER.

While Louis XIV was passing his days among the flatteries and pleasures of the French court, while Georges II and III were leading England into continental politics on account of their connection with the Electorate of Hanover, and while both were engaged in the needless family wars of the period, they doubtless thought little of the wreck which their ambition caused in the wilds of the western world. The quarrels of the royal families were espoused by their colonists, and, in the name of two kings far across the water, each party bargained with the Indians for scalps, arousing all the passions of savage warfare by paying as much for the death of the babe snatched from its mother's breast as for that of the stalwart soldier taken in fair fight. Modern ideas of war do not seek after the death of the soldier except in as far as courage brings about the victory, and would forever condemn war upon women and children. To us, civilization outdid savagery in its native cruelty, when it made the human scalp as profitable an article of commerce as the pelt of the beaver.

Such was the case at the opening of our narrative. Washington had led his little band into the frontier in the spring of 1754. When his clear command to fire was heard before the little band of French, under Jumonville, in the forests of the Yonquiohenny, the bloodiest of our inter-colonial wars was begun. The war whoop was heard along near a thousand miles of defenseless frontier, and the settlers began to feel bitterly, the pain of the tomahawk and scalping knife.

At the close of an autumn day of the memorable year of 1754, one might have seen upon the head waters of the Juniata, a hunter taking his evening meal. With as little smoke as possible and the ever present rifle in reach, he roasted his venison on fine splints. He seemed to be continually on his guard, for already the Indians had penetrated this part of the frontier. Having finished the repast, he sat down by a tree to rest a few minutes before he should take up his journey. But his day's scouting had

been a hard one, and he incautiously fell asleep. While he was thus sleeping he suddenly felt a rough push. Ruing his sloth, he was soon behind a tree with rifle in hand. Presently, a head protruded from a beach tree some yards away and, as quick as thought, a bullet glazed the bark in the same place where the head had been seen. Instead of the falling body of a savage, the stalwart form of a white man was upon the hunter, before he could reload his piece.

"You should not have shot, Albert," said the stranger.

"But I thought you were a redskin", replied the other.

Laughing silently at this mistake, which might have been fatal, the stranger continued, "I might have been, and you can thank the fire water of the French for your scalp. If the band of Iroquois who passed through this woods an hour ago had not been muddled by French whisky, no doubt your tuft of hair would, at this moment, be hanging at the belt of a painted redskin and another life be bartered for gold at Fort Du Quesne".

The young man, for he was scarce twenty, blushed for his folly, but thinking of friends asked "Which way does their trail lead?"

"To the settlement."

"How strong?"

"Twenty braves at least, and heaven have mercy upon the helpless women and children there, when so many of the brothers and fathers have been drawn away into the armies of the king".

At this the youth was visibly excited, for in that village lived his father and mother and the object of a no less burning though different love, his sweet heart. With a few words, they prepared for pursuit and with moccusined tread passed into the shades of the forest.

This was one of the scattered settlements, which could be already found in the fertile valleys of the Allegheny and Blue Ridge mountains. In the last summer, bands of Indians have been breaking over the mountains to carry fire and death into the English settlements. This was one of these predatory bands.

Although love lends speed to the feet and strength to the muscles, the two scouts did not arrive at the settlement until the stars were in the sky. As they approached, the glimmer of fire between the tree trunks told all too well, the deadly work of the Indians. With extreme caution they surrounded the burning cabins, and, when they were sure that the savages had abandoned the place, they approached the nearest cabin. It, being of recent construction, had resisted the fire on account of the sap in the logs. Here they found the corpses of a mother with her infant tomahawked upon her breast. Leaving such a dismal sight, they made a dreary round of the village, only to find that all had suffered a common fate. Finally a boy was found who had escaped into the forest. From him they learned that the Indians had scalped all, save one young woman, who had been reserved on account of her beauty. This maiden was Marion Clark, the girl whom Albert loved. The savages had then fired the cabins and struck a hasty trail to the west.

When the two frontiersmen first saw the desolation, sorrow almost overcome them. Accustomed though he was to sights of blood on the frontier, the destruction of home and the death of its inmates was enough to reduce Albert almost to despair and the kindly stranger wept many tears of sympathy. But neither could sit here to weep, and the claims of the golden-haired girl, on the trail ahead, must not be forgotten in the love and respect for the dead. Nothing could be done for the dead, save to place their charred remains in the grave, while the living might be saved from captivity. With these sad thoughts, they dug a shallow grave and the father and mother were laid to rest. While the two scouts are making preparations for pursuit, let us describe them. The stranger was the renowned hunter and Indian lighter, Louis Whetzel. As his name indicates, he was of German descent, being the son of a German settler. From his earliest childhood, he had been bred in the sciences of the wood. No man on the frontier could shoot straighter, better traverse the trackless forest, or more surely overcome a foe. Although only middle-aged he had been nearer death without dying than the majority of humanity and the scars upon his breast bore honorable testimony to his labors. Standing six feet, four inches, with muscle and flesh

to complete his proportions, he had the strength of a giant, and this coupled with a ready eye and a cool judgment, made him like Daniel Boone, superior to the Indians even in their warfare.

Albert, Albert Miller in full, though his equal neither in strength of arm nor experience, was nevertheless no weakling in the forest, and animated with an intense desire to recover his sweetheart, his name became terrible to the savages from New England to Tennessee. After all preparations had been made Whetzel said: "Tonight will be clear and over yonder hill in a few hours comes a full moon. Let your ardor rest until it comes. Only the eyes of the owl or the nose of a dog can follow a trail in such darkness. The young man would have immediately pursued, but, seeing the wisdom of the words of his companion, he consented to remain. During the darkness between the dusk and moon, they laid upon the pine needles to gain strength for the hard march before them. The regular breathing of his companion soon showed Albert that Whetzel was asleep, but no sleep could come to his eyes that night. The death of friends, the wreck of all that was dear to him filled and refilled his mind with distracting thought. But thoughts for the dead must give way to thoughts for the living. He would follow his sweet-heart through a thousand dangers, he would risk the terrors of the Indians' torture, he would devote his life to her rescue.

It is but another year before the inhumanities of the English in Acadia set Evangeline on her long pilgrimage in search of her lover. Here was a like task, worthy of the arms of this young cavalier of the frontier.

But the moon was rising and with it came the hour for action. Albert awoke his companion and, having primed their rifles afresh, they began their pursuit. When they come to the western end of the village, they were at a loss for some time to find the trail, but thirty scalps, still dropping blood, were sufficient to leave marks with which to start a path even to the most inexperienced woodsman. It followed one of the Indian paths which led to a mountain pass on the western side of the valley. Whetzel gave it as his opinion that they were starting for Fort Du Quesne. Soon they found some blood, evidently from a wild turkey, because of the scattered feathers. Albert objected that they might be hunting a wild cat, but in

few moments Whetzel's eye caught a tattered piece of leather, which had seemingly been the wadding of the savage's rifle. With this evidence, they cheerfully followed toward the pass. The pass was twenty miles away, but the iron muscles of the scouts were able to accomplish it ere the rays of the morning sun were shooting over the eastern range of the mountains.

"No doubt that there is more than one band of the heathen and this is their rendezvous", said Whetzel. "Let me climb this tree to see whether there are any smokes to indicate their position". Selecting an exceptionally large tree, Whetzel climbed to the top. Once there he seemed to be lost in an ocean of leaves. To the east, stretched the forest outline of the mountain chain as though the crest of a gigantic wave which the rising sun had tipped with gold. Again to the west, the other ridge formed another crest, and the valley an immense trough between them. This forest had never yet been touched by the woodsman's ax, and so thick was the foliage that it seemed to form a plain of green where men could journey as well as between the trunks below. The green of the oak leaves was diversified by the red and yellow of the early turning maples, but the red of the dogwood was too low to be noticed. Another exception to the general green presented itself near the pass. Five thin threads of smoke rose lazily to the sky. Four were above the cleft in the forest, which marked the pass, while the remaining one lay about half a mile toward the scouts. Extreme caution was necessary, for should such a large band of Indians know that two "Yengesse" scouts were on their trail, they would send so many runners after them that escape would become impossible. The scouts determined to spy out the enemy and then steer their further course by circumstances.

As they cautiously proceeded, the sound of footsteps and voices were heard in the distance.

"Now lie low for your life", said Whetzel, at which each made for a clump of hazel bushes near by. In a short time a band of Indians approached. To the surprise of the scouts, they wore no war paint and, when they came nearer, their dress proclaimed them to Whetzel as Delawares. It will be remembered that the Delawares were friendly to the English. Whetzel, seeing a chief, whom he knew to be friendly, stepped

out before him with hand extended and addressed him as brother. An Indian is faithful to a friend, and, as Whetzel's rifle had once saved the chief's life, the scouts were safe for the present at least.

"Did not my brother see four smokes in the trail between the mountains?"

"Iroquois, war paint, much scalp, heap glad".

"Did my brother see another smoke above the oak trees?"

"Delaware smoke. Iroquois want Delaware fight Longknives. Delaware no fight his friends."

"Where leads the trail of the Iroquois?"

"To fork of rivers. Get powder for scalps".

"How many Iroquois".

"Four smokes. Four hands to each smoke, My brother look sharp. Love Yengesse scalp".

"Did the Bending Hickory—for this was the chief's name, given on account of his wiry frame—see a pale face maiden among the captives of the Mingoes?"

Replying in the Delaware language, which Whetzel understood, the chief continued: "Was the maiden the Setting Sun? The hair of her head as the sunbeams when the sun lies down on his trail in the west? Her face as the face of the wind-flower? Her cheek as the rose by the river?"

"You are right, my brother, for although in the village there were few of the ribbons and bows with which maidens usually ornament their beauty, and though her hands have been hardened by work in the flax, nature has seldom given a fairer face and a brighter eye than has Marion Clark. From your words I perceive the maiden we seek after is among the Mingoes".

"The chief of the Iroquois loves the Golden Hair. He would have her lodge in his wigwam, roast his venison, and fashion his raiment, and would you save her for the arms of the young man in the hazels—for already the sharp eyes of the Indian had sighted Albert—put a bullet in the heart of the Mingo".

Further conversations revealed to the scouts that the Iroquois would remain in camp at the pass for some time, waiting for another body of Indians. Then with farewells, the Delawares departed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Even the quickest of us are well padded with stupidity." GEORGE ELLIOTT.

A VISITOR IN CAMP.

In the southern part of this county is a region that is covered with massive rocks and dense forests, surrounded by high hills and rushing brooks.

But all this beauty by day is turned into a terrible scene at night; the foxes skulk here and there, the snakes crawl from their holes, and all the ghosts of tradition seem to appear in the dark caverns of the hillside.

Such is the place where our party of boys and girls camped.

Charlie Boyd, who resided in a neighboring town, decided to visit a young lady in our camp. He was a brave youngster, having played with girls all his life. He sent a note to Miss Camper, stating which road he would take and what time he would be due; so the girls primped and the boys planned how to place our hero in his element.

They decided to rig up a ghost, and in the darkest part of the woods, a wire was stretched from the mouth of a cave to a point next to the path where he would take a moonlight walk with his girl; on this a sheet attached by a wire ring.

The night for action arrived and the two boys, who were delegated to operate the ghost, hid themselves in the cave and anxiously awaited the arrival of the inspired couple.

When Charlie and his young lady were opposite the cave, he probably was telling her not to be afraid, and what he would do for her protection, when there came from the moonlit forest, two blood-curdling moans, and the white spectre issued from its dark abode and glided smoothly over rocks and logs towards our hero.

When he saw it, he broke loose from his favorite phantom; all the inspiration that had aided him in pouring out his heart, seemed to have gone to his feet, and, as he started for camp, all Miss Camper heard was two huge howls of anguish disappearing in the darkness. She was not frightened as she had heard of the joke. On returning to camp, she found Charles who was very much embarrassed, as with an un-

certain voice he asked her, "Did you see anything up in the woods?" She replied that she did not, and asked, "Why did you leave me?" "Oh!" he replied, "I happened to think that I forgot my pipe, so I went back to get it".

About midnight we were sitting in the tent, talking over the adventures of the evening, when we were startled by the sound of a stern voice from without, "Hands over your heads, come out, one at a time, or we will kill everyone of you". Each came out of the tent, without offering resistance, and stood in line with hands over heads at the grave suggestion made by a pistol pointed, by the robber, at their heads. All were in line except Charles, who was hiding in the tent. The robber looked in and saw a pair of patent leather shoes and variegated hose sticking out of the open end of a straw tick. "Come out of there! I will give you three—one, two, th—." There was a scramble, the flaps of the tent parted, and a head, with eyes as large as saucers, appeared. Charles' knees would not work, so he crawled out, sputtering as he came, "Don't shoot, Mi-i-i-s-ter".

When he had lined up, the villain unmasked, and we all stood and laughed over our jokes, at Charles' expense,

After this, we rolled in our blankets and prepared to dream of home. The cook, before retiring, brought a sack of flour into the tent and laid it beside Charles' pillow, at the same time explaining that he brought it in because he was afraid that it would get damp.

The next morning Charles was the first one awake. When we had dressed and gone out of our tent, we were scared by the sight that met our eyes. Charles was sitting in front of the tent, lacing his shoes, his hair was perfectly white, and his face deathly pale. Could it be that we had scared him until his hair had turned white? If so, we would be responsible, both for the color of his hair and for his health.

But he seemed perfectly well, and further investigation showed that he had been sleeping with his head in the flour sack.

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